A
Whip for an Ape:
Or
Martin diſplaied.

Ordo Sacerdotum fatuo turbatur ab omni,
Labitur & paſſim Religionis honos.

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Since reaſon (Martin) cannot ſtay thy pen,
We'il ſee what rime will doo: haue at thee then.

A Dizard late ſkipt out vpon our Stage;
But in a ſacke, that no man might him ſee:
And though we knowe not yet the paltrie page,
Himſelfe hath Martin made his name to bee.
A proper name, and for his feates moſt fit;
The only thing wherein he hath ſhew'd wit.

Who knoweth not, that Apes men Martins call;
Which beaſt this baggage ſeemes as t'were himſelfe:
So as both nature, nurture, name and all,
Of that's expreſſed in this apiſh elfe.
Which Ile make good to Martin Marr-als face
In three plaine poynts, and will not bate an ace.

For firſt the Ape delights with moppes and mowes,
And mocketh Prince and peaſants all alike:
This ieſting Jacke that no good manner knowes,
With his Aſſe heeles preſumes all States to ſtrike.
Whoſe ſcoffes ſo ſtinking in each noſe doth ſmell,
As all mouthes ſaie of doits he beares the bell.

Sometimes his choppes do walke in poynts to hie,
Wherein the Ape himſelfe a Woodcocke tries:
Sometimes with floutes he drawes his mouth awrie,
And ſweares by his ten bones, and falſelie lies.
Wherefore be what he will I do not paſſe.
He is the paltrieſt Ape that euer was.

Such fleering, leering, iarring fooles bopeepe;
Such hahaes, teehees, weehees, wild colts play:
Such ſohoes, whopes and hallowes, hold and keepe;
Such rangings, ragings, reuelings, royſters ray,
With ſo foule mouth, and knaue at euery catch,
Tis ſome knaues neaſt did ſurely Martin hatch.

Now out he runnes with Cuckowe king of May,
Then in he leapes with a wild Morrice daunce;
Now strikes he vp Dame Lawsens lustie lay;
Then comes Sir Ieffries ale tub tapde by chaunce:
Which makes me gesse,(and I can shrewdly smell)
He loues both t'one and t'other passing well.

Then straight as though he were distracted quite,
He chafeth like a cutpurse layd in Warde;
And rudely railes with all his maine and might,
Against both Knights and Lords without regarde:
So as Bridewell must tame his dronken fits,
And Bedlem helpe to bring him to his wits.

But Martin, why in matters of such waight
Doest thou thus play the Dawe and dancing foole?
O sir (quoth he) this is a pleasant baite
For men of sorts,to traine them to my schoole.
Ye noble States how can you like hereof,
A shameless Ape at your sage heads should scoffe?

Good Noddie now leaue scribling in such matters,
They are no tooles for fooles to tend vnto;
Wise men regard not what mad Monckies patters;
Twere trim a beast should teach men what to do.
Now Tarleton's dead the Consort lackes a vice:
For knaue and foole thou maist beare pricke and price.

The sacred sect and perfect pure precise,
Whose cause must be by Scoggins iests maintainde,
Ye shewe although that purple Apes disguise,
Yet Apes are still,and so must be disdainde.
For though your Lyons lookes weake eyes escapes
Your babling bookes bewraies you all for Apes.

The next poynt is, Apes vse to tosse and teare
What once their fidling fingers fasten on;
And clime aloft and cast downe euery where,
And neuer staies till all that stands be gon.
Now whether this in Martin be not true,
You wiser heads marke here what doth ensue.

What is it not that Martin doth not rent?
Cappes, Tippets, Gownes, blacke Chiuers, Rotchets
Communion bookes, and Homelies, yea so bent (white;
To teare, as womens wimples feele his spite.
Thus tearing all, as all Apes vse to dow;
He teares withall the Church of Christ in two.

Marke now what things he meanes to tumble downe,
For to this poynt to looke is worth the while,
In one that makes no choyce twixt Cap and Crowne;
Cathedrall Churches he would faine vntile,
And snatch vp Bishops lands, and catch away
All gaine of learning for his prouling pray.

And thinke you not he will pull downe at length
Aswell the top from tower, as Cocke from steeple?
And when his head hath gotten some more strength,
To play with Prince as now he doth with people?
Yes, he that now saith, Why should Bishops bee?
Will next crie out, Why Kings? The Saincts are free.

The Germaine Boores with Clergie men began,
But neuer left till Prince and Peeres were dead:
Iacke Leydon was a holie zealous man,
But ceast not till the Crowne was on his head.
And Martins mate Iacke Strawe would alwaies ring
The Clergies faults, but sought to kill the King.

Oh that quoth Martin chwere a Noble man!
A vaunt vile villaine: tis not for such swads.
And of the Counsell tw; Marke Princes then:
These roomes are raught at by these lustie lads.
For Apes must climbe, and neuer stay their wit,
Untill on top of highest hilles they sit.

What meane they els, in euery towne to craue
Their Priest and King like Christ himselfe to be?
And for one Pope ten thousand Popes to haue,
And to controll the highest he or she?
Alke Scotland that, whose King so long they crost
As he was like his Kingdome to haue lost.

Beware ye States and Nobles of this land,
The Clergie is but one of these mens buts:
The Ape at last on maisters necke will stand:
Then gegge betime these gaping grædie guts,
Least that too soone, and then too late ye feele,
He strikes at head that first began with heele.

The third tricke is, what Apes by flattering waies
Cannot come by, with biting they will snatch:
Our Martin makes no bones, but plainlie saies,
Their fists shall walke, they will both bite and scratch.
He'il make their hearts to ake, and will not faile,
Where pen cannot, their penknife shall prevaile.

But this is false, he saith he did but mocke:
A foole he was that so his words did scan.
He only ment with pen their pates to knocke:
A knaue he is, that so turnes cat in pan.
But Martin sweare and stare as dæepe as hell,
Thy spite thy spite and mischeuous mind doth tell.

The thing that neither Pope with Booke nor Bull,
Nor Spanish King with ships could do without,
Our Martins here at home will worke at full;
If Prince curbe not betimes that rabble rout.
That is, destroy both Church, and State, and all;
For if t'one faile, the other nædes must fall.

Thou England then whom God doth make so glad,
Through Gospels grace and Princes prudent raigne:
Take heede least thou at last be made as sad,
Through Martins makebates marring, to thy paine:
For he marres all, and maketh nought, nor will,
Saue lyes and strife, and workes for Englands ill.

And ye graue men that answere Martins mowes,
He mockes the more, and you in vaine lose times:
Leaues Apes to dogges to baite, their skins to crowes,
And let old Lanam lash him with his rimes.
The beast is proud when men wey his enditings:
Let his worke go the waie of all wast writings.

Now

Now Martin, you that say you will spawne out
Your broyling brattes in euery towne to dwell;
Wée will prouide in each place for your route
A bell and whippe, that Apes do loue so well.
And if ye skippe and will not wey the checke,
We'il haue a spринge and catch you by the necke.

And so adiew mad Martin marre the land,
Leaue off thy worke, and more worke, hear'st thou me?
Thy work's nought worth, take better worke in hand:
Thou marr'st thy worke, & thy worke will marre thée.
Worke not a newe, least it doth worke thy wracke,
And thou make worke for him that worke doth lacke.

And this I warne thée Martins Monckies face,
Take héed of me, my rime doth charme thee bad:
I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And haue alreadie rimde thée staring mad.
But if thou ceasest not thy bald iests still to spread,
Ile neuer leaue, till I haue rimde thée dead.

FINIS.